

The Critic and Good Literature

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An Italian Critic.

How rare a gift was the critical faculty which Wolff brought, in the last century, to the study of Homer, Winckelmann to the poetic interpretation of art, and Niebuhr to the analysis of the *Märchen* imbedded in the text of Livy! Without claiming for Francesco De Sanctis so eminent a distinction as a place beside these immortal iconoclasts, we may yet concede that his position in the critical circles of New Italy is full of interest and importance to the literary historian. In his mingled rôle of professor, author, and patriot, member of the Government, orator, and critic he exhibited a versatility and resource unrivalled even in the fertile land of Mazzini and Garibaldi. Springing from an arid school of purists that forbade the study of Alfieri, Manzoni, Berchet—all the modern and many of the ancient writers,—with an absolute exclusion of foreign literatures, for fear of 'spoiling his style,' De Sanctis, after attending the lectures of the Marquis Basilio Puoti in an old palace in Naples, broke with the school of infertile tradition and launched out for himself on a course then (1848) entirely new in his fatherland. While the old Marquis was doing doughty battle against *francesismi*—Gallicisms that threatened to overwhelm Italian style and convert it into a sort of Italianized French,—De Sanctis had lighted almost by chance upon Schlegel's history of dramatic literature. Here his kindling genius found just what it wanted: not an infructuous discussion of mere verbalism, spinning out of interminable definitions, futile search after 'propriety' of speech, worship of the Dagon of the Dead Letter; but a fresh and brilliant examination of the drama in its relation to the society and the time in which it had risen, in the course of which he discovered that diversity among the national literatures, departure from a fixed and invariable norm, were not defects but virtues, and that Sophocles, Shakspeare, Aristophanes, and Goethe could coexist and were no less admirable in their individuality, were not less expressions, each, of a true, national genius, than the Parthenon, the Pantheon, the Duomo of Florence, and the Dom of Cologne.

De Sanctis gathered round him a school of admiring and enthusiastic disciples who pursued with zeal the methods of comparative criticism introduced into Italy by their master. He grew constantly and he was not ashamed to undergo changes and transformations, successive chrysalidizations, under the very eyes of his pupils, as he unfolded and progressed and became richer and richer in spiritual insights himself. He started into life under the kindling touch of Schlegel; his spirit was ignited by friction with the æsthetics of Hegel. The interpenetration of idea and form, of abstract conception and its sensuous expression, in literature as in art, became the new starting-point of his critical philosophy: he saw that abstractions were worthless unless they underwent incarnation, unless they breathed the breath of life. Compare for an instant that two-legged idea, Godfrey of Bouillon, stalking among the allegorical phantasms of Tasso, with the living image of Iago as it squirms under the trans-

fixing pen of Shakspeare, and you will see at once the difference between a fecundated and an unfecundated spirit, a seeing eye and an eye that sees not, mere albumen and a living egg. In his unrivalled gift of exposition, De Sanctis had a way of going to the very bottom of a matter, of decomposing a work of art, catching its animating principle, and then recomposing the sundered parts with an eloquence of constructive imagination that fascinated his hearers. Whether he was discussing a sonnet, a character, an episode, or an entire epic, he continued to sink his shafts right to the spot where the gold existed, and to extract it infallibly for the purposes of the lecture. He literally discovered Leopardi and was the first to make him celebrated among his countrymen. His lectures on Dante put him at once in the front rank of Dantologists. His unceasing question in confronting the '*Divina Commedia*' was: How is it that the mystic legends, the fantastic visions, the mysterious and recondite allegories of the Middle Ages, rife all over Europe from Ireland to Germany, never became poetry, never became art, till they fell into the hands of Dante? And his answer is: Dante has reflected in an infernal and in a celestial mirror the entire history of his time; he penetrates as a living man into the recesses of purgatory and hell, and peoples them, not with shadows, but with real figures, real voices, citizens, contemporaries, Guelfs and Ghibellines, Bianchi and Neri, the Church, the Empire; it is the resurrection, the incarnation, of Time, lifting up its living head in the field of the Eternal; all the history of Florence is there. Dante literally triumphs over death and the grave; the india-rubber Vergil of the magicians becomes in his creative hands an endowed human intelligence; the tombs talk; the fire wails with human voices; the trees bleed with human blood. The '*Divina Commedia*' is an *æject* from Dante's grand and tumultuous imagination brooding over realities: it is the world of the *trecentisti* fixed forever in the lineaments of life.

Thus De Sanctis sought the central idea of every work of art that he touched, and the same invaluable lesson he taught his pupils. His genius was essentially divinatory, contemplative. Where the modern school of scientific criticism said 'Search, investigate, demonstrate,' he said 'Divine, throw yourself into the position of the poet, and survey the work from his point of view with all the interpretative resource in your power: then, and then only, will you understand him?' Petrarch had no charm for De Sanctis except as the author of the '*Canzoniere*.' It never occurred to him to study scientifically the sources of the '*Decamerone*'—its precursors, the atoms and elements composing each story, the literary or historic germs of the book found in preceding literatures or in the Orient; he would have nothing to do with the confused mass of débris, the miscellaneous legend-heaps out of which Boccaccio grew and into which Boccaccio put a soul; but give him the finished work of art, the matchless creation of the storyteller, and no one could give deeper glances into its secret structure. Thus he was one-sided. The true critic is he who combines both methods, divinatory and scientific, the diviner's rod with the chemist's tests. But he was what his biographer, Villari, calls him: a liberator of Italian thought, an overthrower of the school of arid purists, a cultivator of true international criticism, a critic whose æsthetic instinct was an outgrowth of his heart, a man to whom much is forgiven because he loved much. JAMES A. HARRISON.

The Modern Time-Spirit.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

TWO very interesting essays recently appeared in THE CRITIC (May 17, June 7) on the subject of the mental and moral attitude of the modern world as the same is manifested in the literature of the age.

When the literary history of this century is written, one of the most instructive investigations connected therewith

will be the effort to discover the genesis of this intense influence which not only dominates our literature but puts its burning seal on all strata of modern human life. I think a careful analysis and historical comparison will disclose the fact that it is not the old Wertheran unrest and intellectual awakening which Goethe let loose upon Germany ninety years ago; for that was a return to nature, an escape from the bondage of an exceedingly artificial life, and the tendency, albeit fraught with a suicidal mania, was a healthful one; and its final effect was one of intellectual and social regeneration. This storm-and-stress period in Germany was also accompanied by a singular illumination in philosophy and criticism. But when the influence of this movement was brought to America, instead of being engrafted in its purity and vigor upon the whole country, it was first clarified by a few students of German thought—appropriated by a group of culturists in Massachusetts—whence, after another elimination, it blossomed out as transcendentalism; and then, after being deprived of all vital and regenerative power, passed into American life and literature. Hence in our age this *Weltschmerz* or *tedium vite* is a much more hopeless one, and does not denote a return to, but rather an absolute absorption into, nature; while suicide—the concomitant of this movement as it was of the other—has here passed from the nature of a moral spasm into a chronic disease. When, therefore, we find that in Dante's 'Inferno' the souls of suicides were punished by imprisonment in trees—

Then stretched I forth my hand a little forward,
And plucked a branchlet off from a great thorn;
And the trunk cried, 'Why dost thou mangle me?'

* * * * *

Men once we were, and now are changed to trees, —
the literary aspect of the present time invests the poet's judgment with a startling element of prophecy. A right study of nature is health-giving, and evinces the highest moral sanity; but it is undeniable that all of our more recent literature—scientific, novelistic, poetic—is surcharged with an intense subjective and analytic tendency that indicates decay instead of growth. This finds recognition in the fact that we are continually demanding that poem or that novel which shall assimilate and reproduce in art the whole of this stupendous drama of human life as it surges around us. We want an identifier who shall construct a perfect system out of the perpetual efflux of ideas and the flow of great material forces. Of analytic poets we have had enough; now let us have a synthetic poet. As Carlyle says, 'The real poem for a man at present is to make a bit of cosmos out of the horrible practical chaos around us.' But to such a gigantic task none is equal. Our *littérateurs* are pigmies, as we are all pigmies, in this self-conscious, attitudinizing age. Plato would have eaten the world and bequeathed it to us as a digested Platonic art; but even to the gods some things are impossible, and so 'the bitten world holds the biter fast by his own teeth.' How well this comports with the position of some modern poets is illustrated and proved by the melancholy wails that ever and anon proceed from these impaled lyres, as the too-drastring breath of civilization sweeps over them.

I do not pretend to deny that there is truth and beauty in much of the poetry and prose whose burden is this woful discontent. The deep response it finds in our own experience, the faith-thirst it makes a show of satisfying, proves how widely this bird of gloom has interposed its black wings between us and the immutable anchor of our hope. But our poets and novelists cannot solve by analysis only the problems of this Hamlet-age—this heat-lightning period of literature, whose faint transitory glimmers suffice to discover the illusions but not the truths of existence. The Protean secret of life and nature forever flees from the keenest vision, and the only tangible product of the last analysis is, as Tourguéneff has long since demonstrated, nothing but smoke. George Eliot struck the key-note of the intellectual

malady of the times in her inimitable description of Casaubon: 'Mr. Casaubon had never had a strong bodily frame, and his soul was sensitive without being enthusiastic; it was too languid to thrill out of self-consciousness into passionate delight; it went on fluttering in the swampy ground where it was hatched, thinking of its wings and never flying.' In other words, the 'deep-grasping keel of reason' is frequently wanting, and distrust is created of those who, pretending to guide, are themselves hopelessly drifting in a sea of moral uncertainty. Some, 'tis true, solve the world-spirit's questions by ignoring what cannot be overcome; as Emerson, who mounts where 'a breath of will blows eternally through the universe of souls in the direction of the Right and Necessary'; whence he sends a bugle-note to his friend Carlyle: 'Account me a "drop in the ocean seeking another drop," or Godward, striving to keep so true a sphericity as to receive the due ray from every point in the concave heaven.' Dr. Holmes, who, Mr. Harding says, has attained to Pisgah, declares

Each truth we conquer spreads the realm of doubt;

but

Not for ourselves we ask thee to reveal
One awful word before the future's seal;

and so solves by faith the problems which rack the brains of less exalted natures. Whittier, whose poetry more than any other American's abounds with soul-questionings and longings, who sees man

Alone o'erburdened with a sense
Of life, and cause, and consequence,

finds peace at last in the same spiritual optimism:

Assured that all I know is best,
And humbly trusting for the rest,
I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,
From vain philosophies, that try
The sevenfold gates of mystery,
* * * * *

To the still witness in my heart.

But there is one who, it seems to me, transcends all other native poets in power of emancipating the spirit from the terror of this all-encompassing, soul-perplexing cosmos. Guided by his own broad dictum, 'The poets are the august masters of beauty,' he has veritably raked the universe for facts, and has of necessity gathered some rubbish; but the comprehensiveness of his poetic instinct is co-ordinated by an intensity of moral heat which fuses the aggregate into a semblance of unity. Walt Whitman makes a courageous attempt, at least, to synthesize into a harmonious, self-satisfying, all-sufficient whole the entire congeries of things which constitute that which we call life. I will not be defrauded, he seems to say, of my kingship over the apparent contrarieties of nature. There shall be amity between good and bad, sweet and bitter, high and low, past and future; all shall be here and now: 'To me the converging objects of the universe perpetually flow.' The result is a tremendous shock to those who are accustomed to the titillations of purposeless idealism; but assuredly it points to the only true solution of life, because it leads toward a more exalted, energetic and complete personality.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, July 28.

C. H. SHOLES.

Reviews

"Mothers in Council." *

IF A DIRECTORY could be made with the name and occupation of 'People who have been known to take Advice,' the rarest entry would probably be that of 'Mrs. ——— mother.' For the youngest mother has the most theories of her own, while the oldest has gradually corrected the mistakes in her theories by a personal experience which makes the convictions of her old age far more 'set' than even the theories of her youth. Not that we deprecate this maternal

*Mothers in Council. Cloth, 90cts. New York: Harper & Bros.

self-confidence; on the contrary, we believe it Nature's safeguard in the preservation of the race. The mother who, believing originally in the warm bath, could be convinced by a book that cold bathing was best, and should henceforth subject all her babies, heedless of age, temperament and constitution, to a cold shower once a day, would be a more dangerous member of society than the mother most difficult to cure of obstinacy. Fortunately there is little danger of this kind to be feared; even the mother who thinks herself most eager for advice will manage to twist the advice unconsciously to agree with her own wishes. She may recognize the wisdom of the injunction, 'Never sit down to amuse your children, unless they are ill'; but if she be of a fondling nature, she will persuade herself every time that Tommy must be ill, or he would not fret so. Casual suggestions are sometimes of untold value: she was a wise mother who laid forever to heart the hint dropped by another mother in an afternoon call—'How can you expect to teach your little girl obedience, if you first tell her not to touch the pretty vase, and then put it up on a shelf where she *can't* touch it?' But set councils of mothers, and books aimed deliberately to give advice, are of questionable value or usefulness; chiefly because the mother weighed down with a sense of her responsibility is not always the wisest mother, and because in few matters can general advice be given with less profit than in that management of the young in which the question of individuality is to be studied as of paramount importance.

With this theory in regard to all books of the kind, we have to add that 'Mothers in Council' seems to us one of the least useful of such manuals. Our first objection to it is the air of solemnity with which the subject is invested. It is impossible to look it over without a dreary sense of its being a very terrible thing to be a mother. Of the intense seriousness with which the simplest topic is introduced, we can hardly give a better example than the following:—'In connection with this subject, the plan of allowing children to go without shoes and stockings in the summer was discussed as a means of health, but not as a matter of taste. A physician was quoted as strongly recommending the practice, but the measure was considered so extreme that it was dropped without consideration, except as an idiosyncrasy of the physician and his patient.' The very aim of the style in which the book is written, to give voice to all theories on any given subject, defeats its own object. As the various mothers interrupt each other with 'But ought we not —', or 'Do you not think, however, —', it is impossible to have anything but a very muddled sense at the close of what was really decided on as the best method to be pursued. Much of the advice is of that general nature which consists in recommending that the Sabbath should be so ordered as to leave a bright and attractive impression on the children, leaving the distracted parent to decide for herself how this is to be done. Many of the topics discussed are of hardly more importance than the vital question which we understand occupied these good ladies one entire afternoon—whether it is best to train our daughters with a view to their being old maids, or to their being happy and successful wives and mothers. It would certainly be convenient to settle the difficult point of children's literature by deciding with the 'Mothers in Council' that 'Cinderella' and 'Beauty and the Beast' are infinitely better than more modern work, and that Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' and Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' ought to satisfy the cravings of every childish intellect; but as a matter of fact, what are we to do when they don't? Even the 'Mothers' acknowledge that 'Alice in Wonderland' seems to be a work of high talent, and that Hans Andersen could ill be spared from youthful libraries, and that the 'Progress' and the 'Faerie Queene' would have to be read aloud, with explanations from the devoted parent; to which we venture to add that it would be a needlessly cruel mother who should deny her child the exquisite little books constantly appear-

ing in the bookstores, as harmless as they are pretty, and often as instructive as they are harmless.

However, discussion is needless. This is the age when the children take matters into their own hands, and when we are frequently confronted with the spectacle of a parent at bay, as Mr. Stockton happily puts it. By the way, think of the children who should be told that it was foolish to care for Mr. Stockton's stories when they might read Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress!' It is safe to say that the children will want the pretty books, and that they will have them; this being a century when, as a friend of ours said the other day, the advertisement 'Wanted: a nurse to mind children' is peculiarly appropriate.

Bret Harte "On the Frontier."*

THIS volume of stories is a fresh fall of manna, which every man will gather according to his eating. He that gathers much will have none over, and he that gathers little will have no lack. Let none be so ungracious as to complain that this is pretty much the same manna that fell in the wilderness of sin (not 'Ah Sin') some years ago, and that it does not taste so good now as it did then. If it tastes different, why—we Israelites also are no longer quite the same; and then with eating much manna, it is perhaps as with eating many quails. There is one perfect story in the volume—'Left Out on Lone Star Mountain.' Let that single line of perfect praise be its pendant. We shall not mar it by dangling comment or enfeebling emphasis. 'At the Mission of San Carmel' is a story of a monk who rears a baby-girl brought to the convent from a wreck. He constitutes himself its sole nurse and attendant. Conceals its sex, baptizes it as a boy, gives it a cell next his own, and for some fifteen years succeeds in guarding the secret of his deception. Therein, we think, lies a fatal flaw. It is possible to believe that no one in the convent would have discovered the truth; but that a budding young woman should dress, act, hear herself spoken to, and refer to herself as a boy, thus either not knowing her real sex, or consenting, without any motive in the world, to ignore it, is so far incredible as to destroy for us the artistic beauty of the story. The principal character—Father Pedro—is drawn with lines of great nobleness and pathos.—How we should have liked to sit close to Homer's ear and read to him the title of the remaining story—'A Blue Grass Penelope,'—explaining to him that 'blue grass' is not blue at all, but the most beautiful green of all the verdure carpeting the earth. The title is not felicitous. It creates preconceptions that turn out misconceptions; it provokes comparisons, and comparisons, as of old, are odious. Thus: the Ulysses in the case is a hero whom, with remarkable unanimity of good taste, every one pronounces a fool. In a wholly unclassical fashion, he abandons Penelope for another woman, is capsized in a squall before he can reach his ship, is 'hauled' back to land in a Chinese 'dug-out,' and soon afterward terminates his epical career by drowning in a quagmire near Penelope's door. Penelope herself is wooed by only two suitors, the first of whom it is small virtue to refuse, the second of whom she cordially accepts. So that while she is Penelope—alas! *quantum mutata ab illa!* And while the story is an epic, still it is an epic not in marble but—terra-cotta.

Aside from purely literary qualities, this story is noteworthy for annexing, as fresh territory for fiction, the 'Blue Grass' region of Kentucky. But Mr. Harte has not yet fairly discovered Kentucky—not as Mr. Craddock has discovered Tennessee,—and to English readers, for whom this story was written, as to many Americans, his pictures of Kentucky life will be misleading. Such a heroine as he describes will not be found in 'outlying log-cabins'; the qualities with which he endows her are drawn from two different social grades; and her temperament, which is described as that of 'indolent serenity,' the 'lazy amiability

* On the Frontier. By Bret Harte. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of Southern indifference,' so far from representing any general type of Kentucky womanhood, is the very type that the typical Kentucky woman regards with the utmost impatience or contempt. It finds its way into the State from the true South of the United States. And, finally, when Mr. Harte writes that after the marriage ceremony, by an unwritten law of the West, 'the doors of the ancestral home cheerfully open, and bride and bridegroom issue forth without regret and without sentiment,' so far as we know he must mean by 'the West' some region beyond the setting sun.

Japan, as a Tourist's Country.*

DESPITE the scores of pretentious works descriptive of the land of decorative art, we have here a unique book which reveals Japan in a new light. Mr. Latow goes behind the looking-glass, and tells us what is there. It is less the people than the country this time, and fortunate are we that so good a guide is at hand. Japan is a land of pedestrians, and the literature of guide-books in the vernacular is very large. Itineraries, maps, plans, descriptions of famous sites, temples, and watering-places, such as hot springs and famed 'sceneries,' abound, and are not only cheap but popular. One of the most widely read native books of modern home travel is the 'Tokaidō Hizakurige,' or 'Leg-hair on the Eastern Sea Road,' and among the famous classics are the *nikki*, or diaries of travel, the 'Tosa Nikki' being one of the oldest and most perfect in style, dating from A.D. 935. 'Leg-hair,' the Japanese equivalent of 'shank's mare,' is significant of the method of travel much in vogue among the natives. Abundance of foot-paths and minor roads, of temples renowned for relics, or saints, or miracle-working images, mountains which it is a merit to climb, famous historical sites—all invite to open air and motion. What is true to the Japanese is also true to foreigners of culture or of active physical habits. Few countries are more rich in those natural beauties, historical associations, legend, poetry, art and religion, which attract the traveller. A charming land on which an interesting people have lived during twenty centuries must be fascinating to the tourist. All the more is this true when the country is small and easily accessible. Hitherto, the language and lack of intelligent guides have kept the veil over Japanese history and the possibilities of the landscape. Now, however, we may cheaply equip ourselves with the eyes of the scholar, dispense with costly apparatus, and, almost without an interpreter, enjoy the interior of a charming country. A party of friends can travel and study in the island empire not so comfortably indeed, but as safely and with possibly as much benefit, as in Europe.

In the 'Hand-Book for Central and Northern Japan,' which Mr. Murray has added to his useful line of red volumes, we have the fruits of twenty years' residence by a practical traveller and a master of the language. Full of well-arranged details, it is also replete with unusual information for reading at home, and forms the most valuable hand-book of facts which fit it for use in the library. We can imagine how gladly a stay-at-home correspondent, writing in the editorial sanctum, would seize this book, to write letters 'from the spot;' for with maps, plans, and detailed and vivid description, the landscape lives again. Mr. Ernest Latow, Japanese Secretary to the British Legation in Tōkiō, is the master spirit of the book, but a goodly company of specialists have aided him. One hundred pages of introduction are devoted to the language, money, roads, climate, flora and fauna, religion and art, in which the wheat of many students' harvests is sifted from the chaff, and this part of the work is worth reprinting by itself for the library. The main portion, setting forth the routes and places worth seeing and things worth doing, bear the

impress of experience by eye-witnesses. Everything is measured, down to feet and inches, and the hard as well as the easy facts are given. A full index does not complete the work, for the cover—like a Japanese sleeve—contains a pocket in which are good maps. These bring up the rear of the small army of plans and diagrams in the volume itself. After travelling our journeys o'er again, in the reading of this volume, and tasting once more the rich feast of legend, story, art and history so lavishly set forth, our advice is—travel in Japan. Leave the hackneyed routes of Europe, and tread the 'unbeaten tracks in Japan.'

"The Baby's Grandmother."*

FEW TYPES of women have escaped serving as heroines in fiction; old and young, beautiful and ugly, the child-wife and the adventuress, have all had their turn; but it was reserved for the author of 'Mr. Smith'—pretty sure to give us something original, whatever her theme of the moment—to take for her heroine a grandmother. The moment it is suggested, one begins to wonder that it had not been thought of before. A brilliant woman of the world who has seen much of life and who is willing still to give herself to society, will be a formidable rival at sixty for the prettiest of misses, quite independent of beauty on her own part, in the drawing-room or at the dinner-table, if not in the matrimonial market. Yes, it was certainly a bright idea.

Opening the book with this feeling, one is disappointed to find that the heroine is not a grandmother at all, except in the mere fact of her having a grandchild. The story does not dwell on the charm that comes from age and from experience, but with the charm of youth that a beautiful woman has managed to retain; and she has managed to retain it to the great age, not of sixty, but of thirty-seven! Marrying, herself, at eighteen, with a daughter who marries still younger, she happens to have a grand-child at thirty-seven, which serves to give a taking name to the story, but contributes very little else to it. To all intents and purposes the heroine is a maiden whom we have met frequently in fiction before—arch, wilful, spirited and tender, by turns, beautiful always,—and it is certainly not incongruous that an attractive woman should still be attractive at thirty-seven. The book might be described, like some society, as 'decidedly mixed.' A good deal of it is very poor, but some of it is very good, and the parts that are good are so good as to outweigh with their quality the quantity of what is tedious and incongruous. During the first half of the story we are compelled to take the author's word for it that this Matilda, who is a grandmother, really is still beautiful, witty, and mischievous. She may be enchanting, but she does not enchant, till toward the close, when her exquisite tenderness for the half-witted brother who is one of the successes of the book, with her splendid spirit and courage under social fire, claim to the full at last our tardy admiration and interest. The deliciousness, too, of her first snubbing Challoner when she was under every obligation to be polite to him, and then summoning him when she was under every obligation to hold herself aloof, simply to 'spite' the son-in-law who 'set her teeth on edge,' is really capital. But in addition to many minor incongruities, one or two flaws in the book are nearly fatal to it. The way in which they all live happy ever after, at the close, is more than usually inartistic, and offends the moral as well as the artistic sense. Challoner's perplexities and weakness are appreciable and worthy of sympathy; but when he proves so weak that Matilda has to marry him, not only to spite her son-in-law but to save Challoner himself from going to the devil, and when he consents to live happy ever after, 'ever after' meaning after two most terrible deaths directly caused by his moral weakness, few will feel willing to applaud. It is needless to say, however, that the author of

* Hand-book for Central and Northern Japan. By E. M. Latow and A. G. S. Hawes. London: John Murray.

* The Baby's Grandmother. By L. B. Walford. New York: Holt's Hour Series. 4s.

'Mr. Smith' gives many minor touches to minor characters that would alone make the book worth reading. Nothing could be finer than the art with which we are compelled to admire both the very different ways in which two women accept the revelation of the fact that Challoner has deceived them: one will never believe, one will never forgive, and both scenes are admirable.

Prophecies of Christ.*

In this bulky volume a son of the author of 'The Land and the Book,' a professor in the medical department of the University of New York, defends the conservative view of the prophecies concerning Christ in the Old Testament. He finds there the most minute and circumstantial references to Christ, and even in those writings which are not usually regarded as prophetic. His method is literal in the extreme. The author concedes nothing to modern scholarship or to the new methods of interpretation. He makes no reference to modern views in regard to the Old Testament, and does not attempt to defend his own narrow exegesis. The confidence he shows in the old methods of explaining the prophecies is shown in his acceptance of Christ as their literal fulfilment. He finds that the Old Testament does distinctly show that Christ was to be the humble person and the sufferer which he is described to have been in the New Testament. The position of the author can be best understood by a few sentences from the last paragraph in the book, in which he sums up the thought and the spirit which have animated him throughout: 'God is thus seen to have ordered all things from the beginning, to reveal the blessed relation of the Son to us. The whole ancient word has become prophetic, not only in its poetry, but also in its history, and even in its geography. The entire story of the people of God in Egypt and in the wilderness then becomes one great scenic representation for the Christian's instruction and consolation. The birth into the kingdom of Pharaoh; the bondage; the salvation from it by the blood of the spotless lamb. . . . the withdrawal of the lawgiver when the crossing of the narrow river was all that remained of the journey; the standing of the first Joshua in the stream, above the Dead Sea, until the last of the people had gone over; and, finally, the restoration to the native land—what are all these but prophecies of the deep things of God and of Christ?' It would be idle to attempt to criticise the teachings of such a book; the attitude it takes is one which cannot be reached by anything like reason and open discussion. The author writes well, in a graceful and polished manner, and he has made a very strong argument from his own point of view. We know of no better interpretation of the literal conception of prophecy.

"Schools and Studies."†

THE friend of Garfield and the editor of his works, Prof. Hinsdale, has been the President of Hiram College and is at present Superintendent of Instruction in the city of Cleveland. He has gathered into this volume fourteen addresses and essays, mainly on the subject of education. They are practical, sound in theory, and marked by a tone of judicious discrimination. An able educator, a careful thinker, and a wise student of human nature, Prof. Hinsdale brings an elevated spirit and a noble moral purpose to the treatment of his subjects. The addresses are of a miscellaneous character, such as would be written by a practical educator frequently called on to address his co-workers and the public on the subject of education. They are calculated to awaken thought and stimulate study, giving a higher appreciation of the teachers' profession, and showing the relations of education to national life, morals and religion. The breadth of the author's mind may be seen by considering the topics to which his addresses are devoted. They

are the origin of character, handling of children, means and ends in education, the specialization of studies, a plea for breadth, the mission of the public school, industrial education and public-school reform, the secularization of learning, the public *vs.* the public schools, a phase of college education, and reforms in the school law of Ohio. It may be said of these addresses that they follow too closely the mechanical view of human nature, giving too much credit to the outward results of education. The author seems to be a very ardent follower of the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, and he gives it an undue prominence in his theories of education. One of his essays is devoted to Mill and to the characteristics of his philosophy, and it is a discriminating and able paper. Other general subjects to which essays are devoted are the Eastern question and the relations of the Nation and the States. The volume is one worthy of the attention of teachers, as its suggestions are mainly the result of a large experience.

A Book for Young Naturalists.

MR. HARLAN H. BALLARD, Principal of Lenox Academy, Mass., publishes a 'Hand-Book of the St. Nicholas Agassiz Association,' not only giving a brief history of the admirable organization of which he was the founder, but telling children, and adults too, how they can become members, or start branch chapters, and giving practical hints how to collect insects, birds, eggs, minerals, plants, specimens of wood, etc. It is pleasant to learn that the Association first suggested in 1880 now has over seven thousand members, forming about six hundred chapters, scattered throughout nearly all of the United States and Territories, Canada, England, Scotland, Ireland and South America. This good work is not only instructing children in practical things, but is teaching them to find their amusement in wise and simple ways. The good it is doing is incalculable, and we heartily wish it God-speed. Only we hope the children, in their eagerness to obtain 'specimens,' will not go quite so far as the great teacher whose name they have taken, who once, when his wife exclaimed, 'My dear, there are three snakes crawling round the floor in the closet!' rushed to the spot crying out, 'Only three? Why, what can have become of the other three? I brought in six!' Nor must they emulate the thirst for knowledge exhibited by a student at Harvard once, who, in answer to a request from the professor for specimens, which he would explain, slipped an old bit of brick slyly on the desk. 'This, gentlemen,' said the professor, taking up one thing after another, 'is chalk, this is slate, and this,' holding up the student's attempt at a joke, 'is a decided piece of impertinence!'

Minor Notices.

THESE are days of deep and anxious study of political economy. Shall we have a protective tariff, a tariff for revenue only, or a tariff only for revenue? These are questions of legislation, legislation is a question of party, and party seeks nothing but the general welfare. Shall A, B and C be rich and the rest of the alphabet be poor, or even much worse than poor, or shall the whole alphabet be prosperous, including A, B and C, who shall have their fair share with the rest? We are not in the least concerned about the 'machine,' nobody cares about offices, it is of no moment whether this or that 'boss' shall rule. We are thinking only of how best to govern ourselves, of how best to secure the prosperity of the whole country, and where we can find the best instrument to carry out this great purpose. Can anybody doubt this who reads the daily newspapers? Is it not principles we are discussing, not men?—the character, the motives, and the tendencies of parties, not the profit and loss of party success or defeat? Therefore, Émile de Laveleye's 'Elements of Political Economy' is a good book for this season. It is not merely a dry statement of elementary law, though this is not neglected; but it is a treatise upon the

* The Great Argument on Jesus Christ in the Old Testament. By William H. Thomson. New York: Harper & Bros.

† Schools and Studies. By B. A. Hinsdale. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

moral and social, as well as the political, bearings of the science. Its style is attractive, the treatment of the subject even entertaining (which is not always the case in such treatises), the method easily comprehended, and the knowledge conveyed such as cannot fail to be useful and ought to be welcome to many people in this country. It is a good book to put in the hands of young men who have not learned what political economy means. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

'A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES, Imitative, Realistic and Dogmatic,' by the Rev. E. Cobham Brewer, an English clergyman (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), is the result of much industry, and it must be of considerable value for those desiring such information as it contains. The introduction contains an interesting and pertinent list of inferences to be drawn from the data contained in the book; brief explanations of ecclesiastical symbols; a list of thaumaturgists, child-martyrs canonized, and saints of the Nineteenth Century; a list of the Christian Fathers; a table of dates of ecclesiastical customs, dogmas and titles; and a description of the instruments of torture alluded to in the work. Part first gives an account of all the miracles of saints in imitations of Scripture-miracles or secular stories. The Scripture narrative is given in full, then all miracles of like nature are described. It soon becomes evident to the reader that most of the church-miracles are nothing more than imitations of those of the Bible. Part second gives those miracles which are based on a literal interpretation of Scripture. Here are brought together a great number of stories of marvel and miracle which are similar to those contained in the Bible or which illustrate the credulity of Christians. Part third describes the miracles which sustain the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church.

IN A LITTLE BOOK on the 'Labor-Value Fallacy,' M. L. Scudder, Jr., (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) undertakes to show that wealth is not the product of labor alone. He says that socialism in all its forms rests on the theory that all wealth is created by labor, and that the title to all wealth ought to be vested in the laborers who have produced it. In combating this theory he writes an instructive and suggestive work, though we cannot think it is one that will settle any phase of the problem of labor and capital. Many of his arguments are sound, and yet he does not sufficiently recognize the facts which justify the socialists in their agitations. His defence of the men of great wealth overlooks those false conditions which are created by legislation and by false business methods, and which give an unjust advantage to certain men and classes of men. In the main his arguments are the right ones, but his zeal carries him beyond the limit of what is just and legitimate.

As all minds are not alike, so all books need not be of equal merit. The best books do not often take hold of the majority. Very ordinary arguments will satisfy those who cannot be reached by the best thought. It does no good to put Kant into the hands of a person of ordinary intelligence. An argument for Christianity like that recently produced by Dr. George P. Fisher is beyond the comprehension of the average believer, who needs to have his books brought down to his own level, as they are in 'Infidel Objections to the Scriptures Considered and Refuted,' written by an English clergyman, the Rev. F. B. Whitmore (Thomas Nelson & Sons). The ignorant infidel can be answered by such a book, and the ignorant believer can have his faith strengthened. It has the real merit of getting down to the level of the lowest class of persons interested in religious problems, and it states such arguments for Christianity as they can best appreciate.

MRS. GRACE A. OLIVER is making an heroic effort to resuscitate some of the simple but excellent literature of the recent past. In spite of the careful and pleasant memoirs with which she introduces each volume, it must prove rather a thankless

task, and we confess that we hardly recognize the necessity for insisting that because 'The Discontented Pendulum' and 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star' were original and excellent enough in their day to remain classics for a great many years, we should still be expected to consider them greatly superior to the children's literature of our own time, which is infinitely brighter and just as good. 'Tales, Essays and Poems,' by Jane and Ann Taylor, with a memoir (Roberts Brothers), we should think would meet with but a limited sale. There are surely copies enough of original editions to remain in libraries as curiosities of literature.

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, in 'True Tales for my Grandsons' (Macmillan), tells a story well for the young people. In this volume he tells several stories, in fact, and stories of the kind usually popular with boys from eight to fifteen. We have looked through the volume with interest, and wished we were in those delightful days of boyhood again, and could pack away all the hard facts which Sir Samuel works into these tales—facts of life in the wilderness and on the sea, for which he vouches—and tales of fortune and adventure which also, he declares, are substantially true. It is hard to say whether the story is inwoven with the facts, or the facts crowded into the story; but, in either case, the result is a mixture which will, we do not doubt, be pleasing and instructive to boyhood.

IN HIS 'Rudiments of Geology' (Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.), Prof. Alexander Winchell has produced a text-book for beginners. He has aimed to make the subject simple and attractive, and we believe he has succeeded. He writes in a plain style, avoids the technical features of the science, and brings it home to the daily observations of the student. He gives his lessons the form of short excursions, first into the garden and among familiar objects; and then he gradually leads the way on to the more difficult features of the science, and yet keeping throughout to the simple and familiar form of instruction. The book is one which may be used with profit in any grammar school and with any bright children a dozen years old.

THE 'Memoir and Correspondence of Eliza P. Gurney,' edited by Richard F. Mott (Lippincott), consists chiefly of the correspondence. The letters seem to us somewhat monotonous, the part most interesting to the general reader being the account of her interview with Lincoln and her correspondence with him. The President, who paused from his work at one of the most anxious periods of the War to grant an interview to a sincere and earnest woman who 'felt constrained' to pay him a religious visit, appears not ignobly in comparison with the emperors and kings and queens with whom also she was granted interviews.

'GODFREY HELSTONE,' by Georgiana M. Craik (Franklin Square Library), is a simple and inoffensive story with very little point to it, and with a good deal of ordinary conversation in which a great many very extraordinary questions are asked by people supposed to be well-bred. It is in no way above the level of the average novel of the circulating library, except that its simplicity is preferable to the involved misery and wickedness of a good many other novels in no way superior to it intellectually.

The Lounger

A FRIEND of mine who has just returned from England tells me some interesting anecdotes of the success of Hugh Conway. That *nom de plume*, it seems, is the real name of a boy whose life Mr. Fergus once saved. The publisher of 'Called Back' bought the manuscript outright from Mr. Fergus for eighty pounds; but when the book became so popular, he said to him: 'It hardly seems fair that you should get no more money than I have given you; hereafter I'll pay you eight pounds for every thousand copies I sell.' On this agreement Mr. Fergus has since

received fifty pounds a week ; for the book is selling at the rate of a thousand copies a day.

I HAD a chat the other evening with another friend, recently returned from Europe, who had been sitting, less than a fortnight before, in the chair in which Shakspeare sat when he made love to Anne Hathaway, three hundred years ago. A married lady—a member of the Hathaway family—showed her over the little cottage in which the poet's heart was ensnared when he was a boy. And the interior of the place looked much more as it did in the Sixteenth Century, and much more habitable, than the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, from which Carlyle's spirit so lately took its flight ; for the floors and walls of the latter are stripped bare, and the place itself is awaiting a purchaser.

THE DIRECTORS of the Metropolitan Opera House are to be congratulated on having secured the services of Dr. Leopold Damrosch as manager of that great music hall. Some five months ago Dr. Damrosch made them an offer for the house, but Mr. Gye was then negotiating with them, so they disregarded this as well as other offers. But when Mr. Gye's failure became a matter of public knowledge, and the directors found themselves in a fair way of having no opera the coming season, they sent for Dr. Damrosch and told him that his offer was accepted. 'I made you no standing offer, gentlemen,' said Dr. Damrosch. 'A proposition made five months ago is not for to-day. You gave me no answer ; I made no arrangements with singers ; the company that I might have engaged has signed contracts elsewhere. However, I will do my best for you, but upon other terms. If you pay me a certain salary and furnish me with a certain amount of money, I will agree to give you German opera.'

THIS, at least, is substantially what he said. A contract was accordingly sealed, and Dr. Damrosch is now in Europe getting singers. I don't believe, as many better judges do, that Italian opera has died a natural death. For two or three years it will have a struggle, but it is bound to become fashionable again. In the mean time, English opera has a chance which it will do well not to neglect.

A GOOD deal of noise was made, a year or two ago, by those excellent Bostonians who fancied that their great Public Library was doing as much harm as good, because it circulated, with books of the highest character, a great mass of demoralizing fiction. The result of the examinations then made and since repeated has been an elevation of the standard by which new novels proposed for admission are judged. In a letter to the Boston *Transcript*, some weeks since, a still higher standard was suggested, not directly for the Library, but for the Public Schools. Its adoption, however, is not a likely catastrophe, for it would exclude everything except expurgated editions of Shakspeare and the Bible. The correspondent didn't put his proposition in just so many words, but as much was implied in his objection to 'Henry Esmond' as a work deficient both in morality and literary style. As the editor of the *Saturday Evening Gazette* well put it, a defence of the book on the latter count is apt to render its champion as ridiculous as its assailant. It would be hard to say whether Thackeray was primarily a moralist or a literary stylist. Would to heaven that the novelists of to-day—not the best, but the general run of them—were half as sound in their morality as he, or had a third of his skill as a literary artist !

Return of the Victorious Pharaoh to Thebes.

From an unpublished manuscript.

IN a cloud of dust, in a brazen flash,
With the shields' sharp clang and the armor's clash,
With the distant tramp of the steeds of war,
With the hum and shock of the chariots' roar,
From a desert cloud, like the lightning's flame,
The conquering monarch of Egypt came.

A thousand trumpets of brass in air
Gave forth to the sky their wild fanfare ;
A thousand drums, with a deafening sound,
Rolled out their thunder and shook the ground ;
The sistras rings, with their measured clang,
Like the shock of embattled broadswords rang ;
And the heavy tramp of the marching feet
On the valley sod, like an ocean, beat.

A thousand players, with helms of flame,
First in the sounding vanguard came ;
Behind them, following breast to breast,
A thousand chariots were onward pressed ;
Then captives came and over them flew
The standards and streamers of white and blue ;
The mohar guard and the priests of might,
With their censer cups, came next in sight.

And then, through a cloud of perfumed air,
The centre of one vast moving square,
Borne on the shoulders of chiefs of men,
High seated in gilded palanquin—
Helmeted, garlanded, shining with gold,
With features of granite as firm and as cold—
The Pharaoh came !

To the left and the right
The wide wings of cavalry stretched out of sight,
And far in the rear, like a vast flashing ocean,
The helmets of infantry rolled in their motion ;
And that sea reached far out till the eye grew so dim
That the earth and the sky seemed one helmeted rim.

Thus belted about by his army of men—
Before him, around him, behind him again—
In a cloud of dust, in a brazen flame,
The conquering monarch of Egypt came !

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

J. C. VAN DYKE.

A Great Work of Ancient Engineering.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

THE Aqueduct of Eupalinos in Samos, of which the remains have recently been discovered, was deemed by Herodotus to be one of the greatest of Greek works. He classes with it two other Samian triumphs of engineering and architecture—the huge mole of the fort, and the renowned temple of Hera. All three were built by King Polykrates in the time of his extraordinary prosperity, which, followed as it was by his melancholy end, was proverbial in antiquity.

In the last number of the *Mittheilungen* of the German Institute at Athens, Ernst Fabricino, whose valuable treatises upon Greek architecture have received deserved attention, gives the results of his study of this achievement of classic engineers, which may well be deemed remarkable—executed, as it was, in ignorance of explosives, and of the perfected tools devised by modern mechanical science. The aqueduct has been traced from an ancient reservoir, where now stand three chapels of St. John known as the Hagiades, for a distance of about 7200 feet south-eastward, to the heart of the city of Samos. It probably extended of old to the agora by the shore in which were three noteworthy water-clocks. A copious spring still gushes from the rock and fills the reservoir under one of the chapels. The most remarkable part of the aqueduct is the tunnel (over 3000 feet long, and through solid rock for the most part), under the hill, 739 feet high, now called Kastro. This tunnel averages six feet square ; it was bored from both ends simultaneously, as is shown by the slight fault at the meeting, a little south of the middle of the two portions. But for this defect, the passage is perfectly straight. Throughout the tunnel is cut a channel about two feet wide, and increasing in depth from six feet at the north end to about twenty-seven feet at its exit on the south side of the hill. This channel was evidently made to secure a better fall for the water. In it are still abundant remains of the earthen water-pipes, of which two kinds were used—one cylindrical, and the other open above, with flat bottom and upright sides. After the aqueduct emerged from the tunnel, a number of small conduits led off from it to convey the water throughout the city. Several weak portions of the passage are encased in Hellenic masonry, and roofed by stones inclined against each other ; other such portions were walled up by the Romans with masonry laid in mortar, and covered with the arch. The mouth of the tunnel which had become hidden by landslides

and earth washed from above, was discovered in '1882 by Kyrillos, abbot of a neighboring monastery. Since then the silt and stalactites which had accumulated in the course of centuries have been in great part cleared away; and it is hoped that the aqueduct may soon be repaired entirely, so as to perform anew its old function of carrying fresh water to the fort—now called Tigani. THOMAS W. LUDLOW.

COTTAGE LAWN, YONKERS, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1884.

Thackeray and the Theatre.*

[By Dutton Cook. Published posthumously in *Longman's Magazine*.]

IN the character of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush, Thackeray reviewed humorously enough, and yet with a severity that was well deserved, the quasi-poetic play of 'The Sea Captain,' which Lord Lytton—then known as Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer—gave to the stage in 1839. It was not only the play that was satirized, however; the dramatist had written an injudicious preface—egotistical, pretentious, and peevish—which rendered him peculiarly liable to criticism. The hostility of certain reviewers he attributed to prejudice against his political opinions. He was professing Liberal principles at this time. On behalf of his play he pleaded that its deficiencies were due in great part to his 'uncertain health and broken spirits,' and he denounced the systematic depreciation and opposition it had been his misfortune to encounter from the general contributors to the periodical press, and avowed that the endeavors made 'to cavil, to distort, to misrepresent, and, in fine, it possible to run down,' had occasionally haunted 'even the hours of composition to check the inspiration and damp the ardor.' Mr. Yellowplush, who pretended to have seen the performance from the gallery of the Haymarket, and to have afterward, in his pantry, over 'a glass of beer and a cold oyster,' dashed off his article 'on the dresser,' while his friend and fellow-servant, John Thomas Smith, wrote a supplementary review 'across the knife-board,' made very merry over both play and preface. The drollery did not merely consist in that strange system of misspelling which Mr. Yellowplush had adopted, in imitation perhaps of the Winifred Jenkins of Smollett, and which long continued to be a source of amusement to the readers of Thackeray; the footman's criticisms were extremely comical, while they were distinguished by the soundest sense. One example must suffice:—'Take my advise, honorable sir—listen to a humble footman,' wrote Mr. Yellowplush; 'it's generally best in poetry to understand puffishly what you mean yourself and to ingress your meaning clearly afterwards—in the simpler words the better praps. You may, for instans, call a coronet a coronal, an "ancestral coronal," if you like, as you might call a hat a "swart sombrero," a "glossy four and nine," a "silken helm to storm impermeable and lightsome as the breezy gossamer"; but in the long run it's as well to call it a hat. It *is* a hat; and that name is quite as poeticle as another. I think it's Plato or else Harrystottle, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Confess now, dear Bar'net, don't you long to call it a polyanthus?' Of the drama of 'The Sea Captain' little was heard after its first season until, accorded the new name of 'The Rightful Heir,' it was revived at the Lyceum in 1868. Due attention had been paid to Mr. Yellowplush's criticisms and suggestions; the work had undergone considerable change. No larger measure of success, however, was awarded to 'The Rightful Heir' than twenty years before had been obtained by 'The Sea Captain.'

There are few other examples of Thackeray's appearance as a dramatic critic. 'I like to see children enjoying a pantomime,' he wrote in *Punch* upon one occasion, signing himself 'Brown the Elder,' and presently, describing himself as 'Mr. Spec,' he related how he had fulfilled a solemn engagement made during the midsummer holidays to go with his young friend Augustus Jones to a Christmas pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre. In those days the pantomime was not the sole entertainment of the evening; the performances commenced with 'one of Mr. Boyster's comedies of English life.' Mr. Spec could not help remarking 'how like the comedy was to life; how the gentlemen always say "thou" and "prythee" and "go to," and talk about heathen goddesses to each other; how the servants are always their particular intimates; how when there is serious love-making between a gentleman and lady, a comic attachment invariably springs up between the valet and waiting-maid of each; how Lady Grace Gadabout, when she calls upon Rose Ringdove to pay a morning visit, appears in a low satin dress with jewels in her hair; how Saucebox, her attendant, wears

diamond brooches and rings on her fingers; while Mrs. Tallyho, on the other hand, transacts all the business of life in a riding habit, and always points her jokes by a cut of the whip.' The comedy opened with a conversation between Frank Nightrake and Bob Fitzoffley, Frank being represented by the light comedian Stupor, attired in a very close-fitting chintz dressing-gown lined with glazed red calico, while Bob was personated by Bulger, 'a meritorious man, but very stout and nearly fifty years of age,' dressed in a rhubarb-colored body coat with brass buttons, a couple of under-waistcoats, a blue satin stock with a paste brooch in it, and 'an eighteen-penny cane, which he never let out of his hand, and with which he poked fun at everybody.' A close description of the pantomime follows. It was entitled 'Harlequin and the Fairy of the Spangled Pockethandkerchief; or, the Dream of the Enchanted Nose.' Mr. Spec writes, 'Lives there the man with soul so dead, the being ever so *blasé* and travel-worn, who does not feel some shock and thrill still just at the moment when the bell—the dear and familiar bell of your youth—begins to tinkle and the curtain to rise, and there stand revealed the large shoes and ankles, the flesh-colored leggings, the crumpled knees, the gorgeous robes and masks finally, of the actors ranged on the stage to shout the opening chorus? All round the house you hear a great gasping a-ha-a from a thousand children's throats. Enjoyment is going to give place to hope; desire is about to be realized. O, you blind little brats! clap your hands and crane over the boxes, and open your eyes with happy wonder. Clap your hands now! In three weeks more the Reverend Doctor Swishtail expects the return of his young friends to Sugarcane House.' In one of the 'Roundabout Papers' of 1861 the author deals again with the subject, and sets forth how he went to two pantomimes with little Bob Misseton—one at the Theatre of Fancy; the other at the Fairy Opera, 'and I don't know which we liked the best,' he adds. At the Fancy the theme was 'Hamlet'; at the Opera 'William the Conqueror' formed the subject. 'Very few men in the course of nature,' he reflects, 'can expect to see all the pantomimes in one season; but I hope to the end of my life I shall never forego reading about them in that delicious sheet of the "Times" which appears on the morning after Boxing Day. Perhaps reading is even better than seeing. The best way, I think, is to say you are ill, lie in bed, and have the paper for two hours, reading all the way down from Drury Lane to the Britannia at Hoxton. The initial letter to this 'Round about Paper' contains an admirable 'back view' of Thackeray, by the late Frederick Walker.

In 'Vanity Fair' the allusions to the theatre are few. Becky Sharp is the daughter of an 'opera-girl,' and appears on the stage of the Charade Theatre at Gaunt House, where she personates Clytemnestra, and afterward, as a *ravissante* French marquise, all powder and patches, sings the song of 'The Rose upon my Balcony,' which, by the way, pertained in truth to Sir George Thrum's opera of 'The Brigand's Bride,' and had originally been sung by Morgiana Crump, the wife of Captain Hooker Walker and the heroine of Mr. Fitzboodle's story of 'The Ravenswing.' Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, it is further stated, may have been the Madame Rebecque, whose appearance in the opera of 'La Dame Blanche' at Strasburg in the year 1830 gave occasion to a furious uproar in the theatre there. George Osborne, on the eve of his departure for the Continent to fight Bonaparte, and when he has taken wine enough, goes off half-price to Drury Lane to see Mr. Kean perform *Shylock*. There is little other reference to the stage in 'Vanity Fair.' But in 'Pendennis' we are introduced to the beautiful Miss Fotheringay and the other members of Mr. Manager Bingley's company performing at the Chatteriss Theatre. Mr. Bows is the first fiddler in the orchestra, and the money is taken at the doors by a slumberous old lady, who is explained by Mr. Foker to be 'Mrs. Dropsicum, Bingley's mother-in-law, great in Lady Macbeth.' Miss Fotheringay's Mrs. Haller is supported by the Countess Winterson of Mrs. Bingley, the Baron Steinforth of Garbetts, the Tobias of Gott; by Hicks and Miss Thackthwaite, and the Stranger of Bingley, in pantaloons and Hessians, with a large cloak and beaver hat, and a hearse feather drooping over his ruddled old face, and only partially concealing his great buckled brown wig. He wears, too, upon his little finger, which he allows to quiver out of his cloak, a large sham diamond ring, 'covering the first joint of the finger and twiddling in the faces of the pit.' It had belonged to George Frederick Cooke, who had had it from Mr. Quin, who may have bought it for a shilling! Nevertheless, 'Bingley fancied the world was fascinated by its glitter.' Upon the occasion of her benefit Miss Fotheringay represents Ophelia and Susan in Jerrold's nautical drama. Mr. Hornbull from London was the Hamlet of the

* Continued from last week and concluded.

t Bingley modestly contenting himself with the part of

Horatio, and reserving his chief strength for William in 'Black-eyed Susan.' Gott was the Admiral and Garbetts the Captain. The artful Major Pendennis would have Miss Fotheringay removed from Chatteriss, and to effect that object brings into action Dolphin the London manager, who figures also, it may be noted, in 'Lovel the Widower' as the employer of Bessy Bellenden in the ballet-girl period of her career. Dolphin comes to Chatteriss, 'a tall and portly gentleman, with a hooked nose and a profusion of curling brown hair and whiskers,' gorgeously dressed with rich underwaist-coats, many splendid rings and pins and chains, and shaking out odors of bergamot from his yellow silk handkerchief. He is of the Jewish nation, if his portrait is to be trusted. Dolphin attends the theatre and witnesses the performance of Cora by Miss Fotheringay, 'uncommonly handsome in white raiment and leopard's skin, with a sun upon her breast and five tawdry bracelets on her beautiful glancing arms.' It was in vain that Bingley, as Rolla, darted about the stage and yelled like Kean; that Mrs. Bingley, as Elvira presumably, raised her voice and bellowed like a bull of Bashan; that Garbetts and Rowkins and Miss Ronncy tried each of them the force of their charms or graces, and acted and swaggered and scowled and spouted their very loudest. Dolphin gave attention only to the efforts of Miss Fotheringay, forthwith offered her an engagement in London, and fairly removed her from the history of Arthur Pendennis. When he next met her she had quitted the stage and become my Lady Mirabel, the wife of Sir Charles, 'an old beau in a star and blonde wig.'

In 'Esmond' is introduced an interesting picture of the theatre of Queen Anne's time. Harry Esmond accompanies Lord Castlewood and Lord Mohun to the Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The play is one of Mr. Wycherley's, 'Love in a Wood.' Mrs. Bracegirdle performs the girl's part in the comedy. She is disguised as a page, and comes and stands before the gentlemen as they sit on the stage. She looks over her shoulder with a pair of arch black eyes and laughs at my Lord Castlewood, and asks what ails the gentleman from the country, and had he had bad news from Bullock Fair? The fatal duel between Lord Castlewood and Mohun was impending. Between the acts of the play the gentlemen cross the stage and converse freely. There were two of Lord Mohun's party, Captain Macartney in a military habit, and a gentleman in a suit of blue velvet and silver, in a fair periwig with a rich fall of point of Venice lace—my lord the Earl of Warwick and Holland. My lord has a paper of oranges; he offers the fruit to the actresses, joking with them. 'And Mrs. Bracegirdle, when my Lord Mohun said something rude, turned on him, and asked him what he did there, and whether he and his friends had come to stab anybody else as they did poor Will Mountford? My lord's dark face grew darker at this taunt, and wore a mischievous fatal look. They that saw it remembered it and said so afterward.' The picture is impressive, although one or two of its details may be questioned. Perhaps the play was not 'Love in a Wood,' but some other comedy. The disguise of a page is not worn by any of the ladies in Mr. Wycherley's comedy, and Mrs. Bracegirdle is not known ever to have sustained any part in that work, which was revived at Drury Lane in 1718, the playbills stating that it had not been represented for thirty years. And perhaps in Queen Anne's time the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields had ceased to be called after the Duke of York, who had become James II., and had abdicated his throne. Moreover, Lord Mohun, whose Christian name, by the by, was Charles, and not Henry, appears from his portrait by Kneller to have been a man of fair complexion.

The stage of the early part of George the Third's time is particularly described in 'The Virginians.' The Warringtons and the Lambert family attend the performance of Mr. John Home's famous tragedy of 'Douglas' at Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Spranger Barry is superb as young Norval, a Highlander in white satin slashed breeches and red boots. The beautiful Mrs. Woffington affects to tears even the Grenadiers on guard upon each side of the stage, according to the custom of the time. Mr. George Warrington reads his tragedy of 'Carpezan' to a select party of gentlemen, including among them the learned Mr. Samuel Johnson, assembled at Mr. Spencer's chambers in Fig-tree Court. Mr. Johnson recollects that he had read at Oxford in Meteranus, in the Theatrum Universum, the story of Mr. Warrington's tragedy, which is afterward produced at Covent Garden Theatre, and obtains great success. 'Mr. Warrington records that the part of Carpezan was filled by Barry, that Shuter was the old nobleman, that Reddish made an excellent Ulric, and the King of Bohemia was represented by Mr. Geoghagan, or Hagan as he was called on the stage, who looked and played the part to perfection. Mrs. Woffington was thought

to look too old for the heroine, but her dying scene greatly affected and delighted the audience. Mr. Rich, the manager, had placed the play upon the stage very elegantly; though there was some doubt whether in the march of Janissaries, in the last act, he had been correct in introducing a favorite elephant which had figured in various pantomimes, and by which one of Mr. Warrington's black servants marched in a Turkish habit.' Amidst general applause Mr. Barry announced the play for repetition, and stated it to be the work of a young gentleman of Virginia, his first attempt in the dramatic style.

Mr. Warrington's second attempt was much less fortunate. Although produced at Drury Lane under Mr. Garrick's auspices, and although Mr. Samuel Johnson, wearing a laced waistcoat, and accompanied by his famous friend Mr. Reynolds, countenanced the performance by sitting in the front boxes, the poetic tragedy of 'Pocahontas' was swiftly and surely condemned by the audience. 'One of the causes of failure,' explains the dramatist, 'was my actual fidelity to history.' The characters were most accurately dressed; drawings from pictures in the British Museum were expressly made for the occasion. Mr. Hagan was attired to look like Sir Walter Raleigh, and Miss Pritchard, as Pocahontas, assumed the aspect of a Red Indian. When the heroine rushed into the hero's arms, and a number of spectators were actually in tears, a coarse wag in the pit bawled out, 'Bedad! here's the Belle Savage kissing the Saracen's Head!' and a roar of laughter ensued—the wretched people,' notes Mr. Warrington, 'not knowing that Pocahontas herself was the very Belle Sauvage from whom the tavern took its name.' The 'pot-house joke' was repeated, however, *ad nauseam*; the English Governor with a long beard was dubbed the 'Goat and Boots'; his lieutenant, whose face happened to be broad, was jeered at as the 'Bull and Mouth,' and so on; the curtain descending amidst a shrill storm of whistles and hisses.

The subject of Mr. Warrington's second tragedy, as the author of 'The Virginians' was no doubt aware, has really served the English theatre, though at a later date than that assigned to the production of 'Pocahontas' under Mr. Garrick's management. At Drury Lane in 1820 there was presented 'a new American drama' in three acts, founded on historical fact, and entitled 'Pocahontas, or the Indian Princess.' The play obtained but three performances. The heroine was personated by Mrs. W. West—a favorite actress of that time wont to appear as Desdemona to Edmund Kean's Othello; Mr. John Cooper represented the hero Captain Smith; and a character bearing the remarkable name of Opechancanough, 'Tributary to Powhatan, the Sachem or Emperor of the Indians,' was assumed by Mr. Junius Brutus Booth. The play was an amended version of an operatic drama by one Barker, entitled 'The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage,' produced at Philadelphia in 1808, the author in his advertisement stating that he had found his materials in the 'General History of Virginia,' written by Captain Smith, and printed in 1624, 'as close an adherence to historic truth having been preserved as dramatic rules would allow of.' When 'Pocahontas' was last heard of she was undergoing the usual fate of poetic heroines—she was figuring on the London stage as the leading character of a 'burlesque extravaganza.'

Short Stories.

[From *The Saturday Review*.]

AT first sight it is not a little curious to note that here in England, where fiction flourishes most abundantly, and where there are many masters of the art of novel writing, the art of writing short stories is neglected. We print short stories because a short story worthy of the name is something more than a story that is short. The short story, properly and technically so called, is a work of art of a distinct kind, and the writing of short stories is a distinct department of literary art. It is greatly to be regretted that there is no exact name for this department of the art of fiction; and it is no consolation to recall the fact that there is also no English name for the analogous department of the art of poetry. To describe, even inadequately, *vers de société*—in the writing of which, however, no nation has ever surpassed the English—we are obliged to employ a French phrase. Like *vers de société*, the short story seems easy to write, and is very difficult. And there is yet another likeness between the *vers de société* and the short story—it is easier to declare what they are not than it is to say precisely what they are. The first thing which we may declare emphatically is that the short stories must not be precisely what most of the short stories written in England unfortunately are; the short story

must not be a little bit out of a big story. It must not seem to be an episode from a longer tale; it must not be even an episode which could go into a longer tale. In other words, it must be not only simple and rounded, and complete in itself, but it must somehow suggest that it would wholly lose its charm if it were grafted on a longer work. Then the short story demands an originality which we do not ask from the novel. We are satisfied if the novel reflects life; we like to see in a novel a reflex of the variety of existence, but we accept with pleasure in a novel a sequence of events devoted to the development and exhibition of a single character from the cradle to the grave. The short story excludes the mere picture of life, not only because it is too brief to convey an adequate portrait of even a small section of human existence, but because its aim is other than the depicting of life. Of course, the short story may give a picture of life incidentally, but that is not at all its aim. And while the chief qualification of a novelist may be the felicity with which he depicts life, the chief qualities of the writer of short stories must be ingenuity, originality, and compression, three qualities a good novelist may be and often is without. If, in addition, the writer of short stories has a touch of fantasy, so much the better. But the one absolutely indispensable quality is ingenious originality. And, therefore, the two greatest writers of the genuine short story have been Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe.

'Spirited narrative, without more than a touch of dialogue here and there, may be made eminently interesting, and is suited to the novelette,' says George Eliot in her posthumous essay on 'Story-Telling'; and she adds that 'examples of its charm are seen in the short tales in which the French have a mastery never reached by the English, who usually demand coarser flavors than are given by that delightful gayety which is well described by La Fontaine as not anything that provokes fits of laughter, but a certain charm, an agreeable mode of handling, which lends attractiveness to all subjects, even the most serious.' The true short story is wholly unlike the novelette, which we understand to be but a shorter and slighter novel, not differing in kind from its big brother. The French words *conte nouvelle* may be taken as indicating, or at least suggesting, this difference in kind between the genuine short story and the tale which passes as such in English magazines merely because it is short. The *conte* is the true short story, while the *nouvelle* is the anecdote or episode enlarged and amplified as we see it every month in the pages of popular magazines.

Compression is needed almost as much as ingenuity and originality—compression not merely in the telling of the story, but also in the style of the writer. No digression is tolerable; the construction must at least seem simple and obvious; and the style must be direct and vigorous, however subtle it may be in suggestion. Merimée, a master of style, found in the short story the form of literature which precisely suited him. But Merimée was always tortured by the fleeting hope of getting a quart into a pint pot; he carried compression to the *nth*. Tourguéneff, who had a marvellous knowledge of the things which might be left out, was another master of the short story. MM. Erckmann-Chatrian began their literary career with a volume of short stories, full of an ingenious originality not to be seen at all in their later and better known novels; and some of the earlier sketches—'L'Esquisse Mystérieuse,' for example—revealed great skill in the suggestion of the supernatural. The *contes* of M. Alphonse Daudet are too well known to need more than mention here, the more especially as they are, for the most part, rather sketches or studies for larger fiction than true short stories. The *contes* of M. François Coppée, as frankly a poet in his prose as in his verse, more nearly approach the ideal, although they, too, are lacking a little in the fantasy and in the striking originality which is the characteristic of the best short stories.

Perhaps the best English short stories of late years are 'The Case of Mr. Lucraft' and 'Vice Versa' and 'Called Back,' and these were all deficient in the quality of compression, which is indispensable. 'Called Back' had the further disadvantage of being secondarily, though not primarily, a love story. Now, the ideal short story—the short story as we have it from the hands of the great masters, Hawthorne and Poe—is not a love story at all. And here, indeed, is the great difference between the tale or *conte* which we have chosen, perhaps arbitrarily, to consider as the only true, genuine, and unadulterated short story, and the novel or the novelette, or the little fictions seen in English magazines, mere anecdotes or episodes out of non-existent novels. Love is the staple of the novel, and the novel must be a love story; but love is not needed in a short story, indeed it is generally in the way, and the best short stories are not love stories. It happens that the novel is the form of fiction which

pays best in England, and therefore in England the man with a genius of story-telling takes to writing novels. In libraries and in magazines there is a demand for long fictions, and so we have serial stories and three-volume novels. There is only a slight demand for the real short story in English magazines, and there is no great sale for it when it is gathered together into a volume. So in England the born story-teller—and no other can write a good short story—recognizing the fact that the short story is quite as hard to write as the novel, and that the novel will bring quite twenty times the reward, writes the novel, and leaves English readers to import their short stories or to get along without them as best they may. But in the United States these conditions do not obtain. In the United States the novelist is not forced into any Procrustean three volumes; he may be as long or as short as he please. And in the United States the serial story is not the chief concern of the editor of a popular magazine, and he does not term the rest of the periodical mere 'padding.' In an American magazine it is rather the serial story which is the 'padding.' We have seen *The Atlantic Monthly* without a serial story for three months at a time. But every number of every American magazine contains at least one short story. Of course all these short stories are not equally good, but there are a great many good short stories written in America. Most of the American novelists have learned their trade as story-tellers while working at short stories; and even after their reputation is made they return now and again to the briefer fiction. There are those who think Mr. Henry James's 'Bundle of Letters' the best thing he ever wrote, as there are those who prefer Mr. Howells's most amusing dramatic sketch, 'The Register,' before his longer and more analytic novels. The short stories of Mr. Bret Harte need no praise now; and the charming sketches of life in New Orleans contained in Mr. Cable's 'Old Creole Days' were recently declared by a French critic writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to be second only to Mr. Bret Harte's. Considering strictly the limitations of the Short Story, we ourselves should hesitate to place even 'The Outcasts of Poker Flat' much above 'Jean-ah Poquelin.' Mr. Aldrich's 'Margery Daw,' surely the most lovely and most lovable of all the impalpable heroines of fiction, and Mr. Hale's 'Man without a Country,' a triumph of deceptive verisimilitude, are masterpieces of short story writing. Those who care to see just how good American work is in this department of fiction may be recommended to read 'Little Classics,' a collection of the best English and American short stories, which includes several of the best and best known of the 'Tales from Blackwood.' A later collection, now publishing in New York under the title of 'Stories by American Authors,' is devoted wholly to tales of trans-Atlantic origin. In the four volumes which have already appeared there are a score or more of genuine short stories, in most of which originality, ingenuity, compression, and fantasy are united. Many readers of *The Century* magazine may recall one of the most tantalizing tales which it was ever their good fortune to read, Mr. Frank Stockton's 'The Lady or the Tiger?'—a very conundrum of a short story. Mr. Stockton, who is well known to English readers as the author of the delightfully humorous 'Rudder Grange' sketches, has just made a collection of his short stories and lighter essays in a little volume, called after his most famous tale, 'The Lady or the Tiger?' (New York: Scribners. Edinburgh: David Douglas), in which he has also included 'The Transferred Ghost' and its quaint sequel, 'The Spectral Mortgage,' two genuine short stories, full of a humorous fantasy as refreshing as it is uncommon, and free from any trace or taint of affectation or pretense. On 'The Lady or the Tiger?' itself there is no need to dwell at length; those who know it have no doubt already formulated their own answer to the enigma propounded by the author, and are prepared to defend it to the death as the only possible solution, and those who do not know it had best make its acquaintance at once. This last piece of advice is not a little incendiary, we are afraid; for 'The Lady or the Tiger?' is an apple of discord, certain to cause family discussion and dispute. Two other of Mr. Stockton's tales deserve special mention—'His Wife's Deceased Sister,' and the epigrammatic 'Our Story,' epigrammatic even in the surprise at the end, the sting in the tail of the honey-bee.

Current Criticism

WALTER BESANT ON STORY-TELLING:—There is a school which pretends that there is no need for a story; all the stories, they say, have been told already; there is no more room for invention; nobody wants any longer to listen to a story. One hears this kind of talk with the same wonder which one feels when a new monstrous fashion changes the beautiful figure of

woman into something grotesque and unnatural. Men say these things gravely to each other, especially men who have no story to tell: other men listen gravely; in the same way women put on the newest and most preposterous fashions gravely, and look upon each other without either laughing or hiding their faces for shame. It is, indeed, if we think of it, a most strange and wonderful theory, that we should continue to care for Fiction and cease to care for the story. We have all along been training ourselves how to tell the story, and here is this new school which steps in, like the needy knife-grinder, to explain that there is no story left at all to tell. Why, the story is everything. I cannot conceive of a world going on at all without stories, and those strong ones, with incident in them, and merriment, and pathos, laughter and tears, and the excitement of wondering what will happen next. Fortunately, these new theorists contradict themselves, because they find it impossible to write a novel which shall not contain a story, although it may be but a puny bantling. Fiction without adventure—a drama without a plot—a novel without surprises—the thing is as impossible as life without uncertainty.—*The Art of Fiction* (Macmillan & Co.)

POETRY IN THE DRAMA:—I fully believe that the drama in these modern days may clothe itself in poetry with a most popular result. But the poetry must be *dramatic*—it must be animated still by the human quality, which can only be quarried from the human heart; nor does the more elevated form of thought and language alienate it from those laws of the mind which are never rectilinear, never to be calculated, only *felt*. Poetry and rhetoric, however fine, which are not the outcome of this process from within, which have not the heart, life, and vertebra behind, are an impertinence and intrusion, the mere mouthpiece of the author. Not steam-hammers could express from them one drop of blood, one tear of sympathy. They may elicit cold admiration as literature, but they are not dramatic poetry, and insure dramatic failure. These remarks of mine contain no censure on existing work, nor do they point to any individual—they are simply the vehicle of my sincere views.—*W. G. Wills, in The Pall Mall Gazette.*

A FUNCTION OF THE POET:—One of the functions of the poet being to enrich the poetical diction of his time, an important means of doing this is to draw, whenever the increasing emotive complexities of modern life demand it, upon the stock of sonorous words which we have received from Latin. Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, have done much good work in this direction; but much still remains to be done before contemporary poetry can become adequate to a form of society like the present—a form so complex that it more naturally turns to prose than to verse for expression. Mrs. Browning has shown that even such a word as 'electric' can be made to do emotional work quite outside the scope of an Anglo-Saxon vocabulary. The only kind of poetry that can work with mother-words alone is such poetry as that of Mr. William Morris; but such poetry as his depends for its effects upon entirely different suggestions from such as are attempted in any other contemporary poetry—suggestions of a primitive form of life with which only mother-words would be congruous. Powerful for poetic purposes as the English language is, unless something of classical sonority can be imported into it, it can hardly have that universal appeal which has kept the Homeric rhythms alive for thousands of years. Most of the work effected in this direction was effected by Shakspeare and Milton.—*The Athenaeum.*

ITALIAN OPERA OF THE PRESENT:—Italian opera continues to live on its past reputation. This fact of its existence has never been more strikingly apparent than during the season just over. A change from the present condition of affairs is imminent. Either Italian operas will no more be given in London, or there must be a recurrence to those points of excellence by which the fame of Italian opera was first established and for so long a time maintained. The past is not always overrated, in spite of Horace's oft-quoted words. Men do not talk with enthusiasm of the painters of forty years ago. Since Edmund Kean no actor has held a higher position than that which Mr. Henry Irving holds. But who will pretend that a quartette like that for which Bellini wrote his 'Puritani' is forthcoming in the present day? Mme. Patti we have—a marvellously-gifted vocalist. Mme. Scalchi, the fortunate possessor of a very fine voice, which she usually employs with skill. Signor de Reszké, in all respects a most admirable singer, who is very much less esteemed than he should be. Who else? Mme. Lucca and

Mme. Sembrich may be included among the select few, and Mme. Nilsson, of course, would take a position second to none if the Swedish *prima donna* were to devote her art to Covent Garden. These ladies, however, are stars, most valuable in themselves, but quite the reverse when to them all else is sacrificed.—*The Saturday Review.*

Notes

—THE omission of the letter *n* from a note in our issue of Aug. 9 made Washington 'die,' instead of 'dine,' in the 'Old Gambrel-Roofed House' in which Dr. Holmes was born seventy-five years ago.

—William A. Pond & Co. will publish shortly the words and music of a new patriotic song entitled 'Song of the Free.' Under the title of 'The Union' this song was printed a few weeks ago in *Harper's Bazar*. Both words and music were composed by George Edgar Montgomery, while the vocal and piano arrangements were made by Dave Braham, the composer of the celebrated 'Mulligan songs.' The music will be played at first by bands and church-organists, though a simple arrangement of it for popular use will also be published.

—David McKay, of Philadelphia, will issue about September 1 a volume of poetry entitled 'The Confessions of Hermes, and Other Poems,' by Paul Hermes.

—*Problems of Nature* is a four-page fortnightly publication, started in this city six months ago for the purpose of investigating and discussing scientific questions of all sorts. It seems to be run on honest and intelligent principles, and deserves encouragement. Just now it is printing an interesting series of papers on Florida by Mr. Richard Lee, an English gentleman once resident in that semi-tropical State.

—Vernon Lee, who is best known by essays on subjects more or less profound, has written a three-volume novel, 'Miss Brown: A Story of Aesthetic Life,' which will be published in the fall.

—An illustrated edition of Edwin Arnold's 'Light of Asia,' is in the market.

—Mr. Horace E. Scudder will write of Hans Christian Anderson in the October *Harper's*, and Mr. James D. Hague will give 'A Reminiscence of Darwin' in the same number.

—The September *Outing* concludes the fourth volume of this popular out-door magazine. The leading article is an illustrated description of the new building of the New York Athletic Club, which will be the most elaborate and expensive edifice of its kind in the country. The club numbers 1500 members.

—The Rev. Newman Hall has just come to America.

—Mrs. Henry Pott, with Messrs. Appleton Morgan, R. M. Theobald (a descendant of the Shakspearean editor) and others, has recently taken steps in London to organize 'The Baco-Shakspearean Society,' to be composed of members believing in other than the Shakspearean authorship of the plays and poems. About one hundred persons were present at the preliminary meeting of the society, which proposes to hold regular meetings and print the papers read before it.

—Hans Makart, the celebrated Austrian painter, has been confined in a lunatic asylum. It is said that many members of his family have been similarly afflicted in the past.

—'The Red Manor,' just begun in *Temple Bar*, is said to be the work of Lord Lytton's daughter, a girl in her teens.

—The current *Theatre* has a symposium on the recent hissing of 'Twelfth Night' at the Lyceum, in London. Several well-known critics take part, and all seem to think that the insult was gratuitous.

—The life of Dean Stanley is to be written by Theodore Walrond, C. B.

—'Baby World,' a volume of selections from *St. Nicholas*, edited by Mrs. Dodge, will be published at once by the Century Co.

—Mr. Joseph R. Folsom, whose retirement from the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons was noted a fortnight since, will hereafter be associated with the publishers of *The American Agriculturist*.

—Lord Lorne's 'Canadian Pictures, Pen and Pencil' has just been issued in London. It is non-political and gives a glowing account of the resources of Canada. The writer, in inviting emigration to Canada, waxes enthusiastic over the democratic institutions of the Dominion. 'Canadians,' he says, 'know that no political agitation, however successful, could enlarge their freedom, and there is nothing to disturb their perfect peace and satisfaction.'

—The American Art Association has hit upon a happy plan for the encouragement of native art. From its galleries at No. 6 East Twenty-Third Street it sends out a circular announcing an exhibition to be opened on or about March 15, 1885, at which at least three prizes of \$2500 each will be awarded to the painters of the best oil-paintings exhibited. It is hoped that \$15,000 will be subscribed for this purpose, so that six prizes, each of the amount named above, may be awarded; and if the subscriptions shall warrant it, the number of prizes will be still further increased. The prize-paintings are to become the property of the following institutions, among which they will be distributed by lot: the Metropolitan Museum of this city, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Boston Museum of Fine Art, the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, the Chicago Art Institute, the Cincinnati Museum of Arts or Detroit Museum of Fine Arts, the Rembrandt Club of Brooklyn, and an art institution of Milwaukee, Wis., or of some other city that may take an interest in the furtherance of the project. Similar exhibitions will be held in future years. Amongst the subscribers to this fund are Messrs. Charles A. Dana, S. L. M. Barlow, J. Abner Harper, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Robert Schell, Cornelius Vanderbilt, H. O. Havemeyer, John Taylor Johnston, C. P. Huntington, Henry G. Marquand and H. L. Higginson.

—While *L'Art* as a serious fortnightly attends only to matters sure to be of permanent value, the *Courrier de l'Art*, issued gratuitously to subscribers to the larger publication, gives every week the gossip of the Paris studios, news of the museums, the exhibitions and the sales of objects of art all over the world, critiques of new plays, notes on musical events, and on new publications relating in any way to art, and an abundance of short articles of more than passing interest. During the last six months, for instance, it has published an authoritative report on the present condition of tapestry manufacture at Aubusson, a trenchant criticism on the works exhibited by the students who have won the Prix de Rome; anecdotes of the life and manners of French artists of the last century, a series of articles on the teaching of design in France, and other important papers.

—The *Independent*, in a note on the attempt to discredit 'The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles,' reminds those who have listened too willingly to the charge of forgery that, 'when there is a forgery made, it is not the scholars who swallow it and the ignoramuses who discover it.'

—Parts VIII. and IX. of the second series of Johns Hopkins Historical Studies are an interesting study by Wm. B. Weedon of 'Indian Money as a Factor in New England Civilization.'

—'Molière and Contemporary Learning' and 'The Libraries of the Seine Prisons' are the special articles in *Le Livre* for July, the chief illustration of the number being a capital etching of Diderot, the centennial anniversary of whose death was celebrated in France on the 30th ult. The editor finding the name of his paper given in *The Caterer* of this city as *Le Lièvre* (*The Hare*), supposes the American journalist to have been misled by his vocation. Here is a little note which we find under the title 'Un Passage d'Homère Expliqué': 'According to Dr. James, of Boston, deaf-mutes are not subject either to seasickness or vertigo; so the learned physician advises intending voyagers to stuff their ears with cotton. The story of Ulysses forcing his companions to seal their ears with wax appears in a new light, now that Dr. James has made this astonishing discovery!'

—Dr. Dio Lewis sends a card from the Bible House in this city to say 'I have at length gained possession of my paper—*Dio Lewis's Monthly*,' and to ask those who have sent money to other persons for his magazine or books, and have received nothing in return, to communicate with him at once.

—The illustrated catalogue of the Luxembourg Gallery, approved by the French Minister of Public Instruction and Fine Arts, forms part of a collection of similar works all edited by F. J. Dumas, which no one who wishes to be well informed about contemporary progress in the fine arts can afford to be without. There are fourteen volumes in all, among which are the catalogues of the Salons of 1879 to 1884, inclusive. The illustrations have been made by the various photographic processes now so much in use, and are, with few exceptions, very good examples of such work. Many appear to have been taken direct from the pictures themselves; others are reproductions of pen-and-ink or crayon drawings by the artists. This catalogue of the Luxembourg Gallery alone will give one a very fair idea of the present state of French art, as it contains upward of 250 reproductions of choice works by most of the modern French masters. The publisher in this country is Mr. Bouton.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 778.—I have been for many years a sober old reader of history, science, *et id omne genus*, and now I want to wander a little while in the field of very modern fiction. Having come upon the two books of James Payne that you pronounced his best, I read them and was delighted. Now then, will you be so good as to tell me which are the best two or three of Farjeon's, F. W. Robinson's, Clark Russell's and Mrs. Oliphant's novels? There are others who have as little time for fiction as I have, and who would esteem it a godsend to learn of a person of good judgment what is best to read.

CONCORD, N. H. M. W.
[Of Farjeon's we would name 'Joshua Marvel,' 'Grif' and 'Blade o' Grass'; of F. W. Robinson's, 'Poor Zeph,' 'Her Face was her Fortune' and 'Little Kate Kirby'; of Clark Russell's, 'The Wreck of the Grosvener,' 'An Ocean Free Lance' and 'A Sailor's Sweetheart'; of Mrs. Oliphant's, 'Chronicles of Carlingford,' 'Lady Jane,' 'He That Will Not When He May' and 'Old Lady Mary.' Only we would reverse the order of the authors' names, putting Mrs. Oliphant first, Mr. Russell second, Mr. Robinson third and Mr. Farjeon last.]

No. 779.—What is the origin and meaning of the word 'Mugwump'? I believe that it belongs to the vernacular of American politics.

NEW YORK CITY. H. C.
[The origin of the word is, we believe, not generally known. In the political slang of the day, a mugwump is a Republican who 'bolts' his party's nominations for moral reasons.]

No. 780.—Please let me know the address of the publishers of a book containing the history of West Point Military Academy, and also giving particulars about the course of study there and a student's life, etc.

GUTTENBERG, IOWA. JOHN P. SCHROEDER.

No. 781.—Will you be so good as to give the literal translation of these two lines from Horace's *Ad Melpomen*, Book IV., Canto 3? Also, if not too much trouble, render them into English rhyme?

O, mutis quoque pascibus
Donatura cyni, si libet, sonum.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. W.
[The literal translation of the line is: 'O thou [Melpomene], about to give the sound of a swan to dumb fishes, if it please thee.' Less literal, but closer to the meaning, is: 'O thou, who art ready to give the song of swan to mute fishes even, if it seem good to thee.' We fear you will have to verify this English for yourself. We were not born under a rhyming planet.]

No. 782.—1. What is the best work you can recommend for self-instruction in voice-building and elocution? 2. What is the best political history of the United States? 3. Was an index prepared for Vols. 2 and 3 of *Good Literature* (old series)? 4. Some years since Mr. Frederick Harrison, in an essay on the choice of books, said, I think, that the supreme need of the hour was a systematized catalogue of all the great literary master pieces, for the guidance of readers, and the list, so 'twas said, must be such a one as would include no work which it were a waste of time to read. Has any one ever prepared such a catalogue?

XENIA, ILL. J. B. BARNHILL.
[1. 'Voice, Song and Speech,' \$4.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2. There is no purely political history of the United States, but Hildreth's comes the nearest to it, down to 1821, and is the most thorough and on the whole the most impartial. Van Buren's 'Political Parties in the United States' and Gillet's 'Democracy in the United States' are both partisan histories, but are valuable when their partisan character is kept in mind. The same may be said of Hamilton's 'History of the Republic,' while its bias toward the Federalists is even more intensified by the filial piety of the author. The history of the political events that led to the War of the Rebellion is fuller in Wilson's 'Rise and Fall of the Slave Power' than in any other single work. The series of 'Lives of American Statesmen,' now in course of publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., covers more fully the political history of the country up to within thirty years than any single work. 3. No. 4. Not that we know of.]

ANSWERS.

No. 717.—In your issue of July 19, is not Aug. v. Ruskowski in error as to the origin of the passage quoted from Lord Houghton, about the pine-tree dreaming of the palm? Constantius, de Agric., Lib. X., Cap. 4., gives an instance out of Florentius, his Georgics, of a palm-tree that loved most fervently, and would not be comforted until such time her love applied herself unto her; you might see the two trees bend and of their own accord stretch out their boughs to embrace and kiss each other; they will give manifest signs of mutual love. See this and other instances cited in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'

CLANTON, ALA. ROBERT H. KNOX.

No. 753.—Mr. A. Wilford Hall, publisher of *The Mooroom* and of 'The Problem of Human Life,' sends word that the unfavorable mention of his book in our issue of Aug. 2 was due to personal ill-will on the part of our correspondent. The very favorable opinion of it expressed by another correspondent in the same number was, of course, honest and unprejudiced.